

# PAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHED & PROPRIETOR

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WHOLE NO. 328.

**RECEIPTS.**  
Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, without deviation, after the expiration of three months.  
All Bills for Advertisements, Job-Work, or Subscription, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.  
Subscribers failing to order a discontinuance of the paper, at the expiration of the time for which they may have subscribed, are considered as wishing to renew; and it will be continued to them accordingly.  
No Paper will be sent out of the county, unless paid for in advance.  
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Twelve Lines or Less, for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.  
Persons advertising by the year, will be charged Forty Dollars for a whole column, Twenty Dollars for one-half, and Ten Dollars for one-quarter. No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.  
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business, and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of individual members.  
Announcing candidates Three Dollars to be paid in advance in every case.  
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.  
No advertisement inserted gratuitously, unless it is of an abstruse nature, and not to be inserted at any price.  
Job Printing, of all kinds, neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.  
No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

## Origin of Puffing.

Few persons have an idea of the origin of the word puff, as applied to a newspaper article. In France, at one time, the coiffure most in vogue was called a puff. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horse-hair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the taste and history of the wearer. For instance, the Duchess of Orleans, on her first appearance at court after the birth of a son and heir, had on her puff a representation in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle and the baby, the nurse and a whole host of play-things, Madame de Egmont, the Duke de Richelieu's daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her puff a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard; the sentinels, by means of mechanism, being made to walk up and down. This advertisement, the puff, for such it really was, is the origin of the present word puff—applied to the inflations of newspapers.

**DOESTICK'S PATENT MEDICINE.**—Congratulate me—my fortune is made—I am immortalized, and I've done it. I have gone into the patent medicine business. My name will be handed down to posterity as that of a universal benefactor. Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of beeswax and a firkin of lard; and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of Doestick's Patent Self-Acting Four Horse Power Balsam, designed to cure all diseases of the mind, body or estate; to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the barefoot, decency to the blackguard, and common sense to Know Nothings. It acts physically, morally, physiologically, and geologically, and is intended to make our sublimity sphere a blissful paradise.

## Healing Ointment for Wounds.

Take a quarter of an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti, and put them in a small basin by the side of the fire, till the wax and spermaceti are dissolved. When cold, the ointment is ready for use. This is an article which it is much better to make than to purchase. When you make it yours, if you know that it has no irritating or inferior material in it.

Ferdinand Shultz and his wife Maria, who lived at Watertown, Erie county, Pa., got into a quarrel on Monday, and as an effectual means of settling it forever, went out and hanged themselves together on a tree in their yard. They were both too lazy to work, and had been grumbling and growling at each other for three or four days.

## AN ELECTION STORY.

A correspondent furnishes the following capital story:

One day just as I was going to sit down to dine on a fat chicken that my wife, (the chicken was just large enough for her and me) had prepared, and I had pulled the cork out of a cool bottle of claret, a man walked up the gallery steps, but in hand, bowing and scraping, and says he:

"Good day, sir—this is Mr. Timson, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name—take a seat, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Timson," said he, laying his hat on one side and planting himself in a chair with an air that showed plainly enough that my fat chicken was in danger.

"This is very warm weather, sir," said he.

"Very," said I.

"Shall I trouble you for a drink of water?" said he.

"Oh, no trouble," said I; "here, Polly," (to a negro girl) "go get the do-canters upon the side-board; walk in, sir, and take something to stimulate the system."

"Well, really," said he, "I hardly ever drink anything."

"Oh, it won't hurt you, sir," said I; "walk in."

He did walk in, and as he passed the table, he cast his eye upon my chicken. Mrs. Timson saw the glance and turned pale—nor that my dear wife begrudged the chicken, but she knew that there was not enough for three, and there was no time to cook another. He took a stiff horn, and then turned around and told me his name was Grimkin, and that he was a candidate for the Legislature.

I told him I was glad to make his acquaintance and introduced him to Mrs. Timson, who told him she was very glad to see him. Poor woman, she told a white one that time; but I hope she will be forgiven for it—in fact she was driven to it, you know; and I invited him to sit down and take dinner. Mrs. Timson excused herself with the plea that she had to go out and attend a negro child that had just taken very sick (may the guilty, that is, the candidate—suffer for that sin, too, as I am confident will be the case), and left us to divide the chicken between us—she had heart, dined on mush and milk! Very little of that chicken did I eat, and very little of my claret passed through my lips! I fed Mr. Grimkin's horse, too. He had me up, after dinner, talking about what he meant to do when he got into the Legislature, whilst I would have given more for my after dinner nap than I would for all his principles and brains put together. I didn't promise to vote for him, but hinted very strongly that way. The fact is, I never heard of him before. Well, he went away, and I lay down on the gallery and went to sleep.

I had gone off into a deep and glorious snooze, and was dreaming that a huge monster with forty heads (on each of which was a great brass gimlet like a la rhinoceros) had announced himself as a candidate for all the offices within the gift of the people, when Mrs. Timson (who would no more have dared to disturb my siesta on ordinary occasions than she would have cut off her little finger) tickled my nose with a feather, and I awoke in a very bad humor.

"Dang it all, Mrs. Timson, my dear!" said I, starting up and rubbing my burning eyes, "what did you disturb me for, eh, Mrs. Timson?"

"Oh, don't speak so loud," said she, in a whisper, "there's a gentleman sitting in the parlor; another candidate."

I put on a calm countenance and walked in, and there sat an intelligent bright looking young man disguised as a candidate. He rose up and apologized very gracefully for having disturbed me, and told me he was a candidate; that inexorable custom compelled him to visit the people, and that he wished to occupy as little of their time, and give them as little trouble as possible.

"Sir," said I, with fervor, "you shall have my vote; you are a man

of sense, you are a gentleman—I see that, notwithstanding your disguise, and I'll vote for you, sir! What are your politics, for what office are you running?"

He explained it all, and after I had pressed him to eat a little dinner, and refresh himself at the sideboard, he left.

I advised Mrs. Timson to have some chickens always dressed and some chariot always cooling—and it was well I did, too. That night three candidates slept at my house; one was running for Justice of the Peace, one for Constable and the other for Clerk. They discussed the affairs of the nation with considerable warmth until after midnight—the Constable getting rather the best of it, as Mrs. Timson and I both thought, and then went to bed—the whole three being, as I thought, (and Mrs. Timson remarked the same thing,) rather tight.

The next day seven candidates visited my house with me, and four more slept in my beds at night. Three had already retired when the fourth came. Mrs. Timson had only two spare beds, therefore they slept two in a bed. About five minutes after I had conducted the new comer to the room where the one candidate was in bed, I heard a tremendous racket, loud voices—a crashing of furniture—a falling of bodies—and such cursing as I never heard in my house. I ran to the room at the door of which stood the candidate, looking at the scene of destruction.

"Why, Mr. Timson," said one, "why did you put these two men in bed together? Why, sir, they are both running for Clerk; and they are just as hostile to one another as two men can be."

I looked into the room and there stood Mr. Squirt with one of Mrs. Timson's beautiful wash bowls held aloft in his hand, (like Jove poisoning a thunderbolt) ready to descend upon the head of Spotts, who held a shield a part of the same vessel. They had already broken the looking glass on the bureau, had demolished two chairs and torn the mosquito bar into shreds, and the bridge of Mr. Spotts' nose was badly skinned. I succeeded in stopping the row, and after two hours spent in writing and accepting challenges, and drinking my old rye, the parties shook hands, and went to bed together.

**BRIEF SAGACITY.**—Dr. Davy says: "When in Ceylon many years ago, a friend of mine, who was deputy quartermaster-general, consulted me about an elephant belonging to his department, one that had a deep burrowing sore on his back, just above the backbone, which had long resisted the ordinary mode of treatment employed. After due examination, I recommended as necessary the free use of the knife, that issue might be given to the accumulated matter; but no one of the ordinary attendants would undertake the operation. Being assured by my friend that the brute would behave well under it, I undertook it. The elephant was not bound; he was made to kneel down, his keeper at his head; with an amputating knife, using all my force, I made the incision requisite through his tough integuments; he did not flinch, but rather inclined towards me when using the knife, and uttered merely a low suppressed groan. In short he behaved very much like a human being, as if conscious, as I believe he was, that the pain inflicted was unavoidable, and that the operation, as I am happy to say it proved, was for his benefit."

**COLD SLAW.**—Shave as fine as possible a hard head of white cabbage, put it in a salad bowl, and pour over it the usual salad dressing. Another way is, to cut the cabbage head in two, shave it finely, put it in a stewpan with half a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, and a salt-spoonful of pepper; cover the stewpan, and set over a gentle fire for five minutes, shaking it occasionally. When thoroughly heated, serve it as a salad.

## Choice Poetry.

### Domestic Happiness.

"Beside the nuptial curtain bright,"  
The bard of Eden sings;  
"Young Love his constant lamp will light,  
And wave his purple wings;"  
But rain-drops from the cloud of care  
May bid that lamp be dim,  
And the boy Love will pout and swear,  
'Tis then no place for him.

So mused the lovely Mrs. Dash,  
'Tis wrong to mention names;  
When for her surly husband's cash  
She urged in vain her claims;  
'I want a little money, dear,  
For Vandervoort and Flaudin,  
Their bill, which now has run a year,  
To-morrow mean to hand in."

"More," cried the husband, half asleep,  
"You'll drive me to despair!"  
The lady was too proud to weep,  
And too polite to swear;  
She bit her lip for very spite,  
He felt a storm was brewing,  
And dream'd of nothing else all night,  
But brooks, banks, and ruin.

He thought her pretty once, but dreams  
Have sure a wondrous power,  
For to his eyes the lady seems  
Quite altered since that hour!  
And Love, who, on their bridal eve,  
Had promised long to stay;  
Forgot his promise, took French leave,  
And bore himself away.

### A Tender Lay.

Be gentle to the new laid egg,  
For eggs are brittle things;  
They cannot fly until they're hatched  
And have a pair of wings;  
If once you break the tender shell,  
The wrong you can't redress;  
The yolk and white will all run out,  
And make a dreadful mess."

'Tis but a little while at best,  
That hens have power to lay—  
To-morrow eggs may addled be,  
That were quite fresh to-day;  
O! let the touch be very light,  
That takes them from the nest;  
There is no hand whose cunning skill  
Can mend a broken egg!

As—touch it with a tender touch,  
For till the egg is hatched,  
Who knows but that unwittingly,  
It may be smothered and spoiled;  
The summer breeze that 'gainst it blows,  
Ought to be gentle and hushed;  
For eggs, like youthful purity,  
Are "useful" when they're squashed.

W. A. Fagg, of Elliot, Maine, an Abolition editor, who went to the South for his health, carrying all his sectional ill feeling, writes from Florida, giving such cheering evidence of improvement in mind and manners, as to lead to the hope that he may return improved in health and his notions of duty as a citizen of this great Republic. He says:

"Seven months ago, on a cold and stormy day, I left my home at the North, dear to me from every sacred association which cluster about the youth of happiness. I was feeble, sick, and sad, going more than a thousand miles from any familiar face, and going among a people for whom I had created a dislike. Seven months have I been with them, and my opinion is now founded. Since I came here I have constantly been associated with them, and from the first to the present time, I have met with nothing but kindness from their hands. These have been showered upon me from all sides. No Southerner has ever attacked my section of country, or ruffled the placid stream of love which connects my heart to the dear scenes of home. They have made my time pass as pleasantly as the hours of a sick visit can. For it all I can but render the just tribute of my poor thanks, although it may only meet the eye of strangers, and know that they will forgive me for what ever may seem a breach of propriety in speaking of them when they know that I do it that those who are strangers unto them may know more of them."

The counter instance referred to at the head of our paragraph was told as follows:

After the British and Indians had withdrawn, Croghan missed one man (only one) who had belonged to his little band, and all efforts for his recovery were for some time unsuccessful. At last his remains were discovered in the garret of one of the black-houses, where he had crept for safety, and was cut in two by a cannon ball.

All the rest, considering their chances of life not worth a thought, had only sought to do their duty, and escaped alive from perhaps the most desperate fight on record. The only man that was killed happened to be the only man who proved himself a coward.

The Methodists of Indianapolis are very indignant because the custom has been abolished which assigned ladies and gentlemen to separate seats in church. A large number refuse to conform to the innovation, and state that under the former usage they have not only enjoyed personal comfort in the house of prayer, but also spiritual prosperity.

A boy in Marshfield, Mass., ten years of age, was so charmed by a black snake one day last week, that he was utterly unable to move, and would have lost his life, had not his father discovered him, and taken him away by force. He was so affected as to entirely lose the use of his limbs for several hours.

It is stated that the Sioux and Six Nations Indians have some rites of the Masonic order, many of them being Masons. One of the buffalo robes taken by the Pawnees in a fight had all the Masonic emblems worked on it in a beautiful manner.

## Fortune favors the Brave.

A military officer, with whom we have long been intimate, relates two incidents connected with Croghan's gallant defence at Fort Stevenson; one of which affords a strong positive, and the other a stronger negative, proof of the above quoted adage.

As the British and Indians, in their operations had violated their pledge and usage of civilized warfare, by wantonly murdering their prisoners, the members of Croghan's little band, (only one hundred strong, with a single six-pounder, and surrounded by about six hundred British troops and thrice that number of Indians,) had mutually agreed to stand their ground to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as possible.

When all was ready, the British commander sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, to treat for a surrender of the fort. Croghan, pointing to him as he approached, exclaimed: "It will not do to let him enter here and see our weakness; who will volunteer to meet him?"

As it was pretty certain that whoever should leave the fort on such a mission would be murdered by the dastard foe, there was a brief pause, when Ensign Shipp replied, "I will, upon one condition."

"What is it," asked the captain. "Pledge me your word, as an officer and a man of honor, that you will keep that gun bearing directly upon me, and that you will fire it off the moment you see me raise my hand." The pledge was given, and Shipp went forth. To all arguments and persuasions of the enemy, his unvarying reply was, "I am instructed to say that we defend the fort."

Soon the Indians began to surround him. One clutched his epaulette, another his sword. Shipp, who was a man of Herculean frame, released himself by a powerful effort, and, turning to the envoy, coolly said:

"Sir, I have not put myself under the protection of your truce without knowing your mode of warfare. You see that gun," said he, pointing to his solitary six pounder. "It is well charged with grape, and I have the solemn pledge of my commander that it shall be fired the moment that I give the signal. Therefore restrain these men, and respect the laws of war, or you shall instantly accompany me to the other world."

This was enough, Shipp was no more molested; he returned to his comrades in safety, fought out the desperate action that ensued, and obtained promotion for his bravery.

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## Machine Made Horse Shoes.

We have examined one of the last improved patent machine horse shoes, and think there has not been too much said in favor of them. They are now used by the shoers in Baltimore and the South, and very much liked. For the Government service they have also been examined and adopted by the Quartermaster General. We are told by the agents, Messrs. E. Pratt & Bro., of this city, that the sales of the old Burden patent shoe had reached the amount of nine or ten thousand cases last year. The new shoe being so much superior in every respect to the old, and sold at less than one-half the cost of those made by hand, must eventually be used by every smith in the country.

These shoes are manufactured at Troy, New York, and the Express of that city gives the following notice of the machine:

Occupying a space not more than four feet square, and being only some five feet high, it performs its difficult labor with a rapidity that is incredible to those who have not witnessed its operations. The iron is thrown into the furnace in the pellet, then run through the rollers and reduced to the ordinary size of horse shoe iron, and is then ready for the machine, which receives it at the side, clips it to the proper length, swedges it about upper and nether sides, which gives the required shape, flattens, grooves and creases the same and then delivers the made shoe at the rate of sixty per minute. The shoes fall on to sheet iron belting below, by which they are carried out of the building underground to a building on the other side of the road-way, where they are deposited, cooled and ready for handling.

Standing alone by itself, asking no favor of human hands, it catches up the long red hot bar, draws it to itself, in an instant fashions it for use with the skill of the finished workman, and having thus performed its whole part of the labor, twenty times the machinery, and forty men are required to complete the most unimportant and only simple portion of the work—that of punching the holes for the nails.

The adoption of the shoe by the Government and by omnibuses and stage lines in various parts of the country, is evidence of its practical value, and when it is stated that the unmanufactured Horse Shoe is sold at 4 1/2 cts. per lb., and Burden's manufactured Shoe is sold at 5 1/2 cts. per lb., the difference in cost to the consumer is apparent."—Baltimore Amer.

**CONFESSIONS OF A DYING COQUETTE.**—The editor of the Boone county [Ind.] Pioneer, has been informed that a short time since a man aged about sixty years, living in Morgan county, was taken sick and died. Previous to his death he called in some of his neighbors and told them that he was about to die, and that he wished to communicate to them. He then stated that he had for thirty years been connected with a gang of robbers and counterfeiters; that he had never stolen any himself; but had concealed a large amount of stolen property; that the band he belonged to was composed of some two hundred and fifty persons, well organized, and some of them apparently respectable citizens in good circumstances; and that most of them lived in Morgan and Hendricks counties. He then gave the names of some of them, and two of those named are now in Hendricks county jail.

A curious effect of an electric shock was experienced by a party who were ascending Mount Washington, N. H. Their hair stood on end, and if another pointed towards it, it instantly retreated.

The New Orleans Delta estimates the number of slaves in the South at over three and a half millions, and their aggregate value, at present prices, at fully sixteen hundred millions of dollars.

**To Restore Writing.**—Many documents that have been written with bad ink after a certain time fade, especially if they have been kept in a damp place, or if the paper has been over-bleached in its manufacture. Sometimes ship letters get wetted with sea water, and many other causes obliterate writing that is of much value. In nearly all instances such writing may be restored, or at least rendered legible, by brushing over the half distinct lines with a solution of prussiate of potassa with a camel's hair pencil. The solution may be made by dissolving about half a teaspoonful of prussiate of potassa in a tablespoonful of boiling water. For certain chemical reasons this does not answer in all cases, and when it fails we may use the following with good hopes of success: First a strong infusion of tea, made with a teaspoonful of black tea in half a cup of boiling water; or, secondly a solution of carbonate of soda made in the same manner; or, thirdly, a quarter of an ounce of protosulphate of iron (green vitriol) in a like quantity of water. A last resource is a solution of sulphuret of potassium (liver of potash) of about the same strength as the preceding solutions. In trying to restore writing, we ought to begin with only one or two words, because if the first solution does not answer, we then have an opportunity of trying the others successively, until we discover which answers best; but, as a general rule, it may be relied on that the first named is the most likely. These trials are equally adapted for writing on parchment as upon any other material.

**WATER FOR SICKNESS.**—To keep cattle or water that would give a man the ague, is wicked. It is not only cruel to the brute, but it makes the flesh and milk unwholesome, and scatters disease wherever either is eaten. On many farms, we see a basin scooped out, where the water, in wet weather, can flow in and be held in dry weather, for the use of the cattle.

Dry weather comes on—frogs, toads, turtles and leeches inhabit it; the former making it filthy, the heat covering it with a green scum; and the leeches by being drunk, and fastening on the internal blood vessels, producing bloody murrain. And with such water for drink, farmers expect healthy cattle! As well may they expect healthy children, brought up in the everglades of Florida, with no drink but swamp water, in which for ages have steeped alligators, and other reptiles.

If farmers have no other water, they ought to construct large filters of charcoal and gravel, and filter it before being drunk. They can be made like large leech tubs, sufficiently capacious to filter the water for a large herd.

There is an inscription on a tomb stone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows:—"John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." This, says the North Californian, reminds us of one on a tombstone near San Yago, which runs as follows:—"This year is sacred to the memory of William Henry Skarcken, who came to his death by being shot with Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, brass mounted and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Brown who is married, and has read about the people of Cincinnati having a thunder storm during a perfectly clear day, while the sun was shining, says that such a thing is not at all uncommon at his house, particularly when he invites some friend to dinner without giving notice before hand.

**NOT OF THAT FAMILY.**—A man whose appearance indicated that he was staggering from the excessive weight of a brick in his hat, being asked if he was a "Son of Temperance," replied, "He no—no relation—not even an acquaintance."

In 1816, there was frost in July, and not a bushel of corn was raised north of Mason and Dixon's line.